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## A TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN NATAL.

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DURBAN, the port of Natal, is, like Jerusalem, 'beautiful for situation,' despite the fact that the alleged port is nothing but an open roadstead where passengers are always landed in a sort of marine lift, a small wicker-work chamber constructed to hold four inside, and rigged to a derrick. By this comfortable contrivance one is lowered with ease and safety from the steamer to the tender.

The city, which is not the capital of the colony although the largest town, lies just a little below the tropic of Capricorn, and thus enjoys a temperately warm climate, and is graced with a rich tropical vegetation that justifies the town's unchallenged claim to be the garden city of South Africa. Indeed in this respect the whole colony of Natal stands out in precise contrast to the surrounding states, a bright green gem in the weary waste of the monotonous brown *veldt*. It is the Wales of South Africa, and with a sturdy spirit of independence has paddled its own canoe against that of its bigger and richer rival, the Cape Colony. Possibly the large leaven of Scot, particularly in Durban, is responsible for this solidarity and stubbornness in a contest where the odds were certainly not equal. The population is of a very mixed description, and there is a distinct Oriental touch about it that is pleasant and refreshing. The ricksha is the favourite public conveyance; but instead of the small vehicle of Ceylon and Japan, that of Natal, although still light in structure, is capable of carrying two persons. Only a race of giants, such as the Basuto and his kindred tribes are, could manage a double-seated ricksha up the inclines round about the city. In stature and physique the Bantu tribes are probably the finest specimens of humanity on the globe. Certainly they are superior to the Maori, although perhaps the latter is the bigger brained creature of the two. But strong as he is, the native of Natal is disinclined to work any more than is necessary for keeping body and soul

together. Consequently although he is the common and convenient means of haulage, he is not the representative working-man of the colony. Thousands of Hindus, chiefly Madrasis, have been imported under government auspices, as servants and labourers; and with such satisfactory results that what was once a thin stream of immigration has assumed the proportions of a tidal bore. So great indeed is the increase that there is every reason to fear some serious complication of the gravest question which the Government of Natal has to deal with—namely, the native question. There are now 50,000 Indians in the colony, that is to say, they equal the whites in number; whilst there are nearly 500,000 natives, who, although averse to anything approaching continuous effort, are yet obliged to do some work in order to pay their annual hut-tax and provide the necessaries of life. A little larger increase in the supply of Indian labour, and the native will be shut out from all employment. To be sure, the influx of Asiatics may inspire the native to less spasmodic work. That would be a result as splendid as it was unexpected; and then it would become the business of the government to hinder by a poll-tax (as in California and Australia) or other preventive measure the Asiatic invasion.

But pretty as Durban itself was, and interesting as was its labour problem, there was yet something outside the city that possessed stronger attractions for me. About sixteen miles from the town was a Trappist Monastery, and a day's excursion to this home of silence remains in my mind as the most salient experience during my brief sojourn in Natal. I believe that strictly speaking there is no longer any such congregation as a Trappist brotherhood, since by a decree of the present pope the order has been amalgamated with the Carthusians; but it is simpler to adhere for present purposes to the old appellation, not in any measure as a rigid Protestant's dissent from a papal decree, but because the place and the order are so widely known under the old style. About fourteen years ago some Trappist brothers purchased 12,000 acres near the very small village

of Pinetown, christening the property Marianhill, and here, unaided except by the lay brothers, they began their stupendous work. They made their own bricks, cut their own timber, and contrived their own water-supply, buying nothing except galvanised iron and machinery, which were obviously beyond their powers of construction. Yet they have been able to make a system of roads through the property, build bridges, erect a large brick church capable of holding six hundred persons, also a still larger building that comprises the refectory and monks' cells; and finally, in addition to all this, they have constructed several substantial houses, schools, and workshops. Among the latter are to be seen an iron-foundry, a tannery, a large carpenters' shop, bootmaking and tailoring establishments, a bakery, a flour-mill, and, most surprising of all, a vast printing office, which includes not only the most modern printers' plant but also stereotyping and book-binding departments; whilst attached to it is another building where the monks found their own type. The produce of all these factories is not of course limited to the needs of the brothers any more than is the liqueur manufactured at either the Grande Chartreuse or St Elmo. From the tannery, for instance, where the pelt is treated in all its stages from the raw hide to the finished article in leather, the monks send saddles, bags, and straps away even into the heart of Matabeleland or anywhere else where there may be a demand. In the carpenters' shop, wheels, doors, and window-sashes are manufactured for the contractors of Durban; whilst the printing office, at the time of my visit, was busily employed on a government contract.

All these edifices and works are the result of but fourteen years' labour, and at no time have the monks gone outside their own ranks for assistance. How has it been accomplished? Monks, novices, and lay-brothers retire at eight and rise at midnight or one in the morning according to the season of the year; whilst the rest of the twenty-four hours, except when the offices are being said and during the half-hours devoted to meals, they work at their several tasks. At all times unbooted and unbonneted, and, except in the schools, where the nature of the vocation makes it impossible, in absolute silence, the monks go through their daily round of incessant toil. The Trappists are vegetarians of the strictest sort. I was present at the principal meal of the day—dinner, and partly partook of it. The menu consisted of a thick barley-broth without either fat or any extract of meat, and a mash made of turnips, carrots, pumpkins, and beans, without condiment or seasoning of any kind, but there was plenty of beautifully-baked brown bread, and the whole was washed down with a cup of tamarind wine, an agreeable unfermented drink. The brethren ate the meal in silence, and the stillness of the huge refectory was broken only by the intermittent clink of a knife on some tin plate and the droning voice of the brother whose turn it was, while the others dined, to read aloud some passage from the Vulgate. When the meal was finished, each taking his plate and cup, handed them to the brother who acted as cook; and, thanking him, not in words, but with a grateful smile and bowed head, passed out immediately to some appointed task. To me it was altogether a

touching sight. Here were over one hundred and fifty strongly-built men who had not only left father and mother in some far land for His sake, but had denied themselves all the comforts and solaces of this world, even to the sweet sound of the human voice. All, except the youthful novices (who were still plump and rosy), bore traces, in the pallid complexion and hollow cheek, of the austerity of their life; most of them also wore spectacles. To what purpose is this stern devotion mainly directed? Simply to the end that a few hundred black brethren may be taught the knowledge of God and the consolations of the Church. I am not a Catholic, nor have I much sympathy with some of the practices and tenets of that Church; but I should like to feel that the congregation to which I do belong could actively testify, as eloquently as the Trappist monastery of Marianhill does for the Catholic, how much self-sacrifice and real suffering can be endured, how much good work can be accomplished, how high an example can be set when one is thus securely 'mailed in the perfect panoply of faith.' The Roman may be wrong in his solutions of the deep problem of life and the still deeper one of futurity. Such are matters which we may not know with certainty; the most plausible solution is, after all, a mere groping in the dark; but in the deeds that find words, in the examples that move us on to nobler ends, these white-robed brothers of St Bernard may teach Protestants not a few salutary lessons.

It sometimes happens, of course, that some fall under the burden; the cross is too heavy and the habit is renounced. In this connection there was a curious and somewhat beautiful incident that came under my notice on that visit. In our tour round the well-cared-for grounds, the brother—there is always one who has a speaking part for the sake of the visitors—told me that only the week before they had buried one of the monks who had grown gray in the service of the order, and who had planned and cultivated the grounds, in which he had always taken the deepest pride, but his part now,

... In all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is that his grave is green.

In telling this there was no note of sadness in the monk's voice, but rather of happiness that one more of them had been bound into the sheaf of kindred souls. A little later on, however, when in the carpenters' shop, seeing one evidently of the outer world, for he wore neither habit nor clerical mark, I inquired who he was. 'Ah, poor fellow!' said the monk, 'for nearly three years he was a Trappist, and then sought permission to retire. He left us; but he returned two months ago seeking help; so we are teaching him a trade in which he can surely earn a living in the world.' This confession of a failure was in a sad key, and there was emotion in the eyes of the speaker. The dead brother was not lost to them, but merely separated and resting from his labours and happy. This man, on the contrary, who was once in the ranks, had failed in strength and courage; and although the monks ungrudgingly assisted him, they were sad in the belief that he was a strayed sheep and in peril.

With delightful prescience, the Prior, concluding

that the lenten entertainment of the refectory might not be sufficient nourishment for his worldly visitors, had arranged by telephone—just think of that for one moment, a telephone in a Trappist monastery—for us to take luncheon at the convent, which was situate about a mile from the monastery. In our walk towards the convent we were met by a brother, who, I was told, enjoyed quite a celebrity in the community—he was the engineering genius of the place, and in his case, for a reason I could not ascertain, the law of silence had been considerably relaxed, so we stopped to barter a few words. In the course of conversation, a young journalist, who had conducted our party from Durban, happened to say that he was showing Mark Twain over the monastery, explaining briefly who Mark Twain was, and ended by asking the brother if he had ever heard of the author of *The Innocents Abroad*. 'What! Mark Twain?' exclaimed the monk; 'the real Mark Twain? Where is he? which is he? I must speak to him;' and then in a whisper, as if he were confessing some horrible sin, 'I've read all his books. Yes, everything he has published.' He had his desire granted and accompanied the Tramp Abroad as far as the convent. The fellow had a magnificent laugh, such as that of Herr Teufelsdröckh, a 'laugh of the whole man from head to heel.' This brother was the one worldly note in those sad and silent surroundings, and his laugh appears almost incredible in the retrospect. Unlike the other monks whom we had seen, and who were all foreigners, chiefly Austrians and Germans, this one was an Englishman, and his bright address and cheery speech seemed to rouse us all out of a depression that had subdued our own conversation almost to whispers. Amidst the brotherhood of pathetic and grim-visaged ascetics it was very pleasant to meet this apostle of cheerful godliness; and I should like to think—what might really be—that his hearty laugh was mainly the result of long practice over the healthy pages of Mark Twain.

The convent was of most modest dimensions compared with the monastery; but from the many plain wooden crosses in the acre alongside there was ample evidence that in the short span of ten years many a sister had given her life for the coloured children of that region. Here was just the same air of abstinence and incessant toil as prevailed among the brothers, but the industry was naturally directed into appropriate channels, such as needlework, laundry, and the manufacture of straw hats. The Superior was a Canadian; and it was noticeable that the law of silence was not insisted upon in the convent. This was perhaps a humane, not to say inevitable, concession to a congregation of women.

By the time luncheon was prepared we were all quite famished, and I, for one, still had the nauseous flavour of the monkish fare in my mouth. The meal, which was plain but satisfying, consisted of an exceptionally tough chicken, over a portion of which I spent a considerable amount of unavailing labour—vegetarians, however, cannot be regarded as experts in the choice of even a fowl; a peculiar salad made with oil extracted from monkey-nuts and vinegar manufactured from pineapple; great square thick slices of bread, some pasties, and sweet beer. Our neat-handed Phyllis was a nun of the red habit,

whom, the luncheon finished, we thanked in the limited vocabulary of French that we enjoyed in common. But we were not to leave Marianhill without a little theatrical incident. A priest who had come out with us from Durban had mounted into the vehicle with the precedence commonly accorded to the cloth. He had scarcely seated himself when a shrill pathetic voice cried out: '*Hélas! mon père, mon père, vous ne m'avez pas bénie,*' and like a flash a red habit brushed past us and prostrated itself in the dust alongside the trap. It was Phyllis; and the priest had to dismount to confer the omitted benediction—I thought in a rather perfunctory manner—receiving in return a grateful '*Merci, bien merci, mon père.*'

## A TSAR'S GRATITUDE.

### CHAPTER XV.

PHILIPPOF did not court discovery and disaster by showing himself during daylight in the greater thoroughfares, where he would be likely to meet and be recognised by old friends and brother officers. The necessity to lie *perdu* was disagreeable but obvious; also it was calculated to render him morbid and bitter towards those to whose actions all his troubles were to be attributed. Clerk's work in an office is not the ideal employment from the point of view of a soldier: he hated it cordially; but, contrasted with his existence within the walls of the fortress, the counting-house was a paradise. Contrasted, again, with the free and ambitious and glorious life of a soldier in war-time, it was—well, the other thing! Nevertheless, he endured it with a fair amount of patience considering his naturally impatient and indignant temperament; and if he fumed and cursed his enemies and the authors of his misfortunes in private, and in his bitter moments, he did nothing foolish in public. His life was not without alarms, however. For instance, walking one day by the quay, he suddenly became aware of two or three droschies approaching rapidly, each occupied by a plumed officer, and before Sasha could turn aside or conceal his face with his pocket-handkerchief he recognised the Tsar, followed as usual by Dostoief and others.

Philipoff pretended to drop his glove and bent to pick it up. He saw that the Tsar looked fixedly at him as though endeavouring to recall his features, but the vehicle dashed by and his Majesty apparently failed to attach a name to the face he half-recognised. As for Dostoief, most fortunately for Philipoff, he was busily occupied in watching the hoofs of his splendid trotter, which appeared to have developed a limp. How poor Sasha blessed that timely lameness and wished the horse a speedy cure and a happy old age for his opportune misfortune! But he ground his teeth at the cavalcade as it hastened away out of sight, and inwardly shook his fist and spat at it (if those operations can be said to be performed internally—at all events he did neither externally). These were the authors of all his troubles; why should he any longer feel loyalty towards a man whose life he had saved and who had

promptly repaid him for the service by absolutely and hopelessly ruining him? Surely he had a right to hate and to curse such a man!—Half-an-hour later Sasha laughed at the episode and exonerated the Tsar from blame, as he generally did when he reflected quietly and dispassionately. He exonerated the Tsar, but not Dostoev; with Dostoev there must be a reckoning, one day! On another occasion Philipof had an agitating experience. It was the namesday of St Olga, and Sasha had purchased a lovely cross of white flowers to lay upon his poor cousin's grave at the Smolensky Cemetery.

Olga's tomb was at the corner of an alley, and was separated by a railed enclosure from the two roads which ran at right angles to one another; and in rounding this corner Philipof was surprised to observe a gorgeously-decorated officer kneeling at the cross which marked dead Olga's resting-place. The last person in the world he had expected to see here was one who, in the natural fitness of things, should have been the most likely of all to be kneeling at his wife's grave on such an occasion—Dostoev. Philipof recognised him in a moment, but it was then too late to draw back; he therefore made no attempt to escape, but leant against the iron railing which surrounded the little plot of ground, and waited until Dostoev, who had seen him come round the corner, should make the first move. He was surprised and a little softened to see Dostoev here, the more so as he observed that he had been weeping. There must be a fine, if mysterious, quality of devotion about this man, he thought, since he could apparently be so sincerely attached to a woman that he visited her grave some months after her death, and yet had systematically neglected her during life out of an exaggerated sense of duty towards his employer the Tsar!

Dostoev rose from his knees, crossing himself. He looked pale and haggard, the little colour he possessed having quite left his face at the moment of catching sight of Sasha.

'So you escaped, after all,' he said. 'I guessed you had, though the lying warder swore to seeing you go down beneath the ice.'

'Yes, I escaped,' said the other; 'no thanks to the warder, nor yet to you. I suppose,' he added, 'you will now take steps to have me re-arrested?'

Dostoev started and looked if possible a shade paler still; he considered a moment.

'That is, of course, my plain duty to his Majesty,' he said, 'but—'

'Yes, but'—Philipof repeated bitterly.

'But,' continued Dostoev, 'here, at Olga's grave, I am tempted to be, for the first time, unfaithful to my beloved master; she always came to some extent between me and my duty towards him, in life; and now in death it is the same—I am tempted to betray him by allowing you to escape, for her sake.' Philipof ground his teeth with rage.

'And I too am tempted, Dostoev,' he said. 'I am tempted to take you by the throat and to say, "Now—one of us shall go and one remain—having met, we must fight to the death." But I cannot, here, over her very head. Moreover, I have vowed, for her sake, to keep my hands off you, otherwise I should certainly chastise you as you deserve, for your treatment of her and of me.' Dostoev laughed scornfully.

'This is very ridiculous,' he said; 'you forget that I am armed and you are defenceless; it is easy to talk as you do. I repeat, I shall allow you to depart and shall further betray my master by saying nothing as to having seen you. But if we meet again—elsewhere—I shall certainly do my duty. Therefore I counsel you to keep clear of me. You will understand that I believe you to be guilty of the attempt upon his Majesty's life; the student's version is circumstantial and positive.'

'He is a liar,' said Philipof, 'and you are another. As for your master'—Dostoev flushed red and paled again.

'Leave his Majesty out of the discussion,' he interrupted; 'do not try me beyond endurance, Philipof. There is a limit, even here!'

'Thrust me through the body if you like,' said the other; 'I am unarmed, as you say; it would be the kind of justice to suit his Majesty, your indulgent master. Imprisonment and stabbing for one of those who have saved his life—decorations and honours and wealth for another. Come, stab, if you mean stabbing, or else go away and leave me here with my sorrow. This wrangling over her grave is foolish and unseemly.'

Dostoev hesitated a moment as though he were undetermined whether to do as invited, and thrust his sword through this undesirable relative's body, or not. Then he glanced at the cross over his wife's grave, and departed without a word; he could not very well draw the sword upon her friend here, richly as that friend deserved chastisement, and vile though he believed him to be.

Philipof was sore and angry. It was too bad that destiny should have delivered this man into his hands only to tantalise him. Why had Olga, in dying, left him this unwelcome legacy of mercy! Sword or no sword, he felt he could have fallen upon the fellow and strangled him but for Olga's last injunctions! Why, of his own confession, this man actually believed him guilty of the attempt upon the Tsar's life! That being the case, it was no wonder he was kept a close prisoner in the fortress: the Tsar would naturally take his cue from this precious aide-de-camp of his, who should have been the first to champion the faithful friend and guardian of his wife, and yet was the first to condemn him!

'Oh Olga, Olga,' Philipof whispered, as he laid his cross upon the grave, 'I have borne much for your sake to-day!'

Afterwards, however, when he reflected calmly upon the agitating event of the morning, he saw clearly that it was in every way better that the matter should have passed off without anything more actively violent than excited language from both sides. If he had attacked and killed Dostoev, things would have been extremely awkward for him; he would have been caught before long, and his formal imprisonment in the fortress, with decent food and fair treatment, would have been exchanged for deportation to the mines of Siberia; while, on the other hand, if he had failed to get the better of Dostoev, his fate would have been, first, a dig in the body from a sword, followed by the journey to Siberia—unless, that is, the dig had been so mercifully formidable as to have dug the life out of him. Nevertheless, while he remained at the cemetery, poor Philipof felt very sorry for himself, and even shed unfamiliar tears over Olga's grave, repeating to him-



self over and over again how much he had suffered to-day for this dead woman's sake!

After this interview Sasha did not see Dostoief again for many a long day. He lived peacefully at his lodgings for nearly two years, working at the Englishman's office, and visiting constantly, at safe hours, the little children, Olga's son and daughter. It was a quiet uneventful existence, and not of the kind to satisfy Philipof, who longed for something to happen which would restore him to his lost position and honour among his fellows; but the days went on and on, and life became very monotonous and dreary, until at last something did happen to change the even course of his existence, though it was not precisely the kind of event he either expected or desired.

When first Sasha had engaged his present lodgings, the *dvornik* (or yard porter, whose duty it is to see that all dwellers in the house are provided with passports and to hand these, when collected, to the district policeman, who, again, passes them on to the proper authorities), as in duty bound, asked for his 'papers.' Now Philipof had no papers. These had been taken from his old lodgings by the police; and even if he had possessed his passport as Alexander Philipof of the Okhotsk Regiment, he could not have used it without risking immediate discovery and arrest, for he now figured as plain Mr Ivan Pavlof, merchant's clerk. He therefore declared, after a long display of searching, that he had lost his passport. That was very unfortunate, the *dvornik* observed. Philipof agreed that it was very unfortunate, and toyed with a bank-note for twenty-five roubles. Then the *dvornik* scratched his head for inspiration.

'Your mercifulness is quite sure your name is Ivan Pavlof?' he said at last.

'I am not at all sure, my good man,' said Philipof; 'for when one loses one's papers he may easily forget what is written in them.'

'Because I was thinking,' continued the other, 'that if it had happened to be Alexey Blinof, now, I believe I should know where to lay my hand upon your lost passport at this very moment.'

'Why, I declare, that is my name, of course,' said Philipof; 'how silly of me to forget it—Alexey Shinof, of course.'

'Blinof,' corrected the *dvornik*.

'Blinof, Blinof, of course,' assented Philipof. The passport was duly handed to the policeman, and the twenty-five roubles to the *dvornik*; and when the policeman had been to congratulate Mr A. Blinof upon the happy discovery of his passport, and had pocketed a similar *douceur*, the thing was in order.

But two years or so later, the last-named official died or was removed, and another came in his place. The first time Philipof saw him he seemed to remember his features, but could not recall where they had met. Alas! the policeman had a better memory. He it was who had arrested Philipof at the gate of the Summer Gardens and had conveyed him to the fortress. This man had heard of the escape of Philipof and of his drowning, but a careful inspection of his features assured him beyond doubt that this was the identical runaway political prisoner whom he had once, to his great and endless glory, arrested: the only professional feat he had ever performed; he was not likely to forget it. Here was a prize indeed!

The policeman went straight to the head of his district and told his tale. The chief discerned fame and fortune in the affair, and sent to the fortress to make inquiries, with the result that that very evening, as poor Philipof sat at his supper, a squad of constabulary suddenly entered the room, carried away every paper they could find, sealed up every door, and seized the person of Sasha himself for inquiry and identification.

And thus Philipof presently found himself once more a tenant of the very cell from which he had escaped with so much difficulty four years ago; and here he remained in solitude and wretchedness, though always well treated, for upwards of a year, until Alexander II., in his clemency, and as a preliminary to his great act of serf emancipation, declared an amnesty in favour of all who, like Philipof, had been imprisoned for political offences; and for the second time he left the prison behind him and stepped forth a free man.

### MARVELS OF PHOSPHORESCENCE.

WHETHER we look at the subject from a scientific point of view, or from that of the mere spectator who likes to see pretty experiments, there is hardly anything more fascinating than phosphorescence. Long before Ulysses and his comrades urged their galleys through the darkness, the rowers must have wondered at the luminous water dripping from their oars, and conjured up visions of Nereids sitting among the rocks. It is only within the last few years, however, that these beautiful phenomena have been explained. As science advanced, it was found that many things in addition to glow-worms and small marine animals were phosphorescent. The great progress in mathematical physics since the middle of this century led to their investigation by Sir G. Stokes and others, so that all these manifestations of light now admit of explanation. Professor Dewar, so well known for his work on liquefied air, not long ago gave the Chemical Society an account of his experiments on phosphorescence at very low temperatures. These remarkable experiments, conducted with substances cooled down within a short distance of absolute zero (the point where even hydrogen will be reduced to an inert solid, where all motion will be destroyed, and the life of the very atoms themselves suspended as it were), carry the light of our knowledge far down the dark vistas of the unknown. Beautiful as the experiments were in themselves, it was this light thrown on the dark places, these glimpses into the nature of things that appealed to every one present.

Light is so universal and so commonplace that we rarely think about or try to understand its cause. If we are to appreciate the full beauty and significance of these experiments in phosphorescence, it is necessary to have some clear conception of modern discoveries as to the nature of light. Now, although it requires the highest mathematics

to deal with the subject seriously, yet, by the help of a metaphor first used by Sir Gabriel Stokes, it is fortunately quite easy to follow the main features of the wave theory of light. In the early days of science, light, as also heat, was thought to be a substance emitted by the luminous body. This substance, striking the eye of the spectator, was thought to produce the sensation of vision. Modern scientists regard it quite differently. They, with good reason, regard the whole universe, from the largest star to the tiniest chemical atom, as floating in a sea of imponderable matter called the 'ether.' In this sea of ether, waves of light and heat travel in much the same way that waves travel across the Atlantic Ocean. The intensity of the light depends on the height of the waves in the same way that the power of the oceanic wave depends on its height. In the sea there are long slow waves and short quick waves. In the ether, the former correspond to red light, which produces heating effect; and the latter to violet light, producing chemical action. Now comes Sir G. Stokes's explanation of phosphorescence. Suppose we imagine the atoms of a particular body to be a number of ships anchored close together. Suppose the waves from a distant storm to reach them. If the waves are long compared to the ships, the vessels will rise and fall with them; and when the waves cease to move them, the ships will remain stationary. But, if the waves are too short the ships will roll irregularly and give out waves of their own. Even after the cessation of the original waves, the vessels will go on rolling and giving rise to undulations. In the same way, the particles of a phosphorescent body go on rolling, or vibrating, as it is termed, and setting up light waves in the ether sea long after the light has ceased to shine upon them from without.

After the glow-worm and the luminous animalcules of the sea, the best-known example of a phosphorescent body is, probably, Balmain's luminous paint; the active substance in it being barium sulphide (made by heating barytes or heavy-spar with charcoal), the particles of which continue vibrating and setting up waves of light for many hours after they are placed in darkness. Attempts were made to employ this substance as a coating for the buoys that mark the channels at sea, and there were many exhibits at the Fisheries Exhibition a few years ago showing its usefulness in this connection. It was proposed, also, to employ the paint for ambulance wagons; and, last of all, for making luminous sights for rifles. The substance, however, loses its light-giving power after a time, and requires to be heated to restore its activity. Curiously enough, phosphorus is not phosphorescent in the sense that we have been using the word; the luminosity being due to its burning slowly away in the air even at the ordinary temperature. The word 'phosphorus,' by the way, in the days of the alchemists, included all bodies that appeared luminous in the dark. These substances are nearly all similar in composition to the luminous paint.

As science advanced, a new class of bodies,

known as fluorescent substances, were discovered. Nearly every one must have noticed the curious violet lustre possessed by a solution of sulphate of quinine, the yellow fluorescence of uranium glass, and the green or reddish light diffused by many of the dyes derived from coal tar. Some of these latter, such as uranine, are exceedingly beautiful. A solution, perfectly transparent when held between the eye and the light, will seem to be composed of exquisite tiny red or green spangles when viewed the other way. Rays of light extend far beyond either end of the colours that our imperfect eyes can see in the spectrum. Beyond the red, they are known as dark heat rays, and beyond the violet, as ultra-violet rays. When a solution of sulphate of quinine is moved along the visible spectrum until the violet has been passed, a strange thing happens: the quinine makes the dark violet rays visible, and the bottle is filled with violet light. If we look at a rainbow through a solution of quinine, the violet band will broaden out considerably. The explanation is a simple one: the particles of quinine, not being able to dance to the tune of the short ultra-violet waves, merely roll like the ships we were speaking of just now, and give out much longer waves, which are visible to us as ordinary violet light. Although the fluorescence appears to vanish immediately the light is cut off, it has been proved by very delicate experiments that it does continue for a minute fraction of time.

Before commencing his experiments on phosphorescence in his lecture to the Chemical Society, Professor Dewar showed the effect of extreme cold on the rigidity of bodies. A soft metal coil, which lengthened out when a tiny weight was hung upon it at the temperature of the room, was plunged, hissing and spluttering like a red-hot iron dipped in water, into a flask of liquid oxygen at a temperature of  $-210^{\circ}$  C. When the oxygen had ceased to boil, and the coil had fallen to the temperature of the liquid, it was withdrawn and appeared as rigid as hard steel wire. This experiment has a distinct bearing on our theories of light waves, which may seem rather far-fetched and illusory to those who have not studied the subject. Let us see what would happen in the case of the ships at anchor that we considered before. Imagine them to be held down by many anchors, so that they are much more rigid than they were. Under these circumstances they will ride uneasily over the waves, and will have a tendency to convert all the short waves that strike them into long ones. In the case of our particles floating in the ether sea and disturbed by the waves of light, a precisely similar effect should be produced. As the atoms become more rigid, they, too, should vibrate irregularly when the short waves strike them, and go on doing so long after the original light has ceased. In a word, they should be much more phosphorescent than they were at the ordinary temperature. In practice it was found that this actually was the case, every substance being much more luminous at the low temperature. Very beautiful some of the experiments were: horn, bone, feathers, and similar materials gave a magnificent greenish

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phosphorescence after they had been cooled in liquid oxygen and exposed for a short time to the rays of the electric arc. An egg, when treated in the same way, glowed like a gigantic opal in the darkened room. Pure water hardly phosphoresced at all, but milk, frozen in liquid oxygen, was very luminous.

For exquisite beauty, however, the preceding experiments are not to be compared to the phosphorescence produced by the ultra-violet rays of the electric discharge acting on substances in high vacua. Any one who has seen Sir William Crookes's beautiful exhibits at the soirées of the Royal Society will never forget them. In describing them we can only say that they glowed with such and such a coloured light, for it is utterly impossible by mere word-pictures to convey the glorious effects of these phosphorescent bodies: the deep rosy reds, the gorgeous blues and greens, the brilliant oranges and yellows. To spend half an hour in watching them is like a vision into the future. Whilst such beauties actually *exist*, what possibilities may there not be of others that will transcend these completely? The vacuum tube used by Mr Jackson, whose work on phosphorescence is the most recent, is about six inches long, and has a perforated shelf in the middle on which the substance under experiment is placed between the two terminals of the wires conveying the electric current. The latter is supplied by a powerful battery connected to an induction coil giving an eight-inch spark in the air. A side-tube leads from the vacuum tube to an air-pump capable of producing a high degree of exhaustion; the pressure of the air still left in the tube at any time being shown by a very delicate gauge. Mr Jackson, in his paper read before the Chemical Society, describes the effects that are produced on the beautiful crimson glow of alumina as the air is gradually removed from the tube. A considerable exhaustion was necessary before the glow commenced, and when this was carried still further, a little spot in the direct line of the electric discharge glowed with increased brilliancy. Then it died out, but the intensity of the bright spot had been so great that for a time it appeared black to the observer's eye by contrast. As the vacuum increased, the whole of the alumina had the appearance of being carried up to a white heat; then again the central spot looked black and the whole of the bright light gradually died out. When the vacuum was so high that the electrical discharge would hardly pass, the central spot commenced to phosphoresce again, while all the rest was dark, but the light it gave out now was blue.

Mr Jackson found that different substances required different degrees of exhaustion to become phosphorescent. To understand the reason for this, we must say a few words about the 'negative glow'—that is, the halo that surrounds the terminal of the conductor bringing the negative current from the induction coil. Vacuum tubes are such common exhibits at conversaciones and bazaars that nearly every one must have had the opportunity of seeing them at work, and noticing the curious halo that surrounds the negative electrode. This

halo is caused by the phosphorescence of the air or other gas in the tube, for the exhaustion is not complete. If, whilst the current is passing, we commence exhausting a vacuum tube *de novo*, we shall notice that we have to remove a large portion of the air before the negative halo commences. As the exhaustion proceeds still further, the glow increases and extends, until finally it nearly fills the tube. If, however, we carry the exhaustion to a very high pitch, the glow gradually decreases until it vanishes, practically, altogether. When waves of light of a particular length cause a body to phosphoresce, these waves, as we explained previously, are destroyed, and others, given off by the vibration of the particles of the body itself, take their places. It has been noticed that some substances glow readily when the tube is only slightly exhausted, whilst others, such as lime made from Iceland spar, glowed brilliantly in a rather higher vacuum; and alumina, magnesia, zinc oxide, &c., required still further exhaustion before the glow commenced. Now comes the reason for it: rays of all kinds are coming from the electrode, and the very waves that cause the alumina or magnesia, for instance, to phosphoresce, are destroyed by the air in the tube, which is glowing itself. As the air is removed, these waves, with short distances between them, are able to reach the substances on the glass shelf, which glow immediately. Some materials will not glow until the negative halo actually reaches them; whilst others would not glow until the exhaustion had been carried so high that the negative halo had almost disappeared.

It is these rays from the negative halo that contain Röntgen's X rays which have lately absorbed almost the whole interest of the scientific and photographic worlds. What these X rays are nobody knows. It is possible that they are waves of light vibrating not like ordinary waves, but like the movement of an eel. Perhaps they are not waves of light at all, but streams of chemical atoms carrying the electric discharge. In any case their power of penetrating substances, such as ebonite, which are quite opaque to ordinary light, is very remarkable.

To the chemist and the mathematician the study of phosphorescence is most fascinating, for it carries us to the very gates of the fortress where Nature guards her most wonderful secrets. The possibility is mooted that the blue of the summer sky is merely the phosphorescence of the air in its rarefied upper regions, caused by waves of light from the sun that never reach our eyes. Sun-spots which seem to be glimpses of the central body of the sun, seen through occasional rifts in its glowing atmosphere, appear dark to us, because either the waves of light are so short that our imperfect eyes cannot see them, and the intensely hot body of the sun appears dark in consequence, or that these rays are absorbed in the upper regions of the air, giving rise to the auroras that always occur at these times, and are similar to the negative glow in a vacuum tube. Before long we shall ascertain, perhaps, what this something is that manifests itself sometimes as light and sometimes as electricity. We know not what to

call it, for it is not force and it is not energy, yet by its means the throbs and heart beats of the universe pass from sun to planet, and from star to star.

## THE FURNACEMAN.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE man whom Geordie was seeking so earnestly and eagerly was employed at an iron-smelting works distant about a mile and a half from the stone cottage. The various buildings and furnaces were situated near the head of a small dell on one side of the Heath, its open end being in the direct path of the storm. The works belonged to a company that, by all accounts, had much trouble to make both ends meet. It was also reported to possess very poor plant, not being able to lay out the necessary money to keep it in efficient repair.

As Geordie came to the rim of the small depression in the Heath—for really it was hardly worthy of the name of dell—and looked down upon the ironworks, he at once noticed something was wrong. What it was he could not at first make out, except that a number of men were running and staggering about in the wind below, and seemed, even at that distance, to be in a state of great excitement.

'Why,' he exclaimed, as the truth flashed upon him, 'where's the first blast?'

The works had four blast-furnaces erected in line, and connected at the top by a broad main tramway, with lesser ones branching to each furnace. But when Geordie came in view of them the first appeared to have vanished entirely.

He hurried down and soon reached the works, making at once for the crowd assembled within the gates, but keeping at a respectful distance from the remaining furnaces, and saw at once what had occurred.

The cheeseparating policy of the company that owned the works had resulted in a dire calamity. Owing to want of proper attention and repair, the first furnace, weakened by long-continued action, had burst, scattering the molten metal in all directions, though, fortunately, without loss of life, as the men had not yet resumed work after breakfast.

Such an accident was bad enough in itself, but was rendered doubly so by the storm. For, just as the burst occurred, and the furnace was tottering to its fall, a terrific rush of wind tore along the dell and seemed to exert its full impact right upon the falling brickwork, hurling it against the second furnace, and bringing down half of that as well.

All this Geordie had shouted into his ears by the men about him, and was told, further, that the first blast, in falling, had carried away not only its own tramway but that of the second blast as well, and, as this fell to the ground, it dragged with it the tramway of the third blast. In fact,

he was told, it was a wonder the whole works had not come down with a run.

'Any fellow hurt?' Geordie bellowed, all thoughts of Tim gone for a time.

'Ay, there's one poor chap up there now,' his neighbour replied, using his hands as a trumpet. 'Don't you see him?'

And then Geordie saw what he might have noticed before. High above their heads, suspended as it were in mid-air, hung or clung the form of a man, holding on to the side of the second furnace, and appearing ready at any moment to drop upon the mass of fiery metal beneath.

'Who is he?' shouted Geordie.

'Tim Snacker. Do you know him?' For Geordie's brows had contracted.

'Ay, I've heered on him,' he replied shortly.

There was the man he had come in search of, bound in a very short while to meet a death horrible to think of, but not a bit worse than he deserved, thought Geordie.

He was told that Tim—who was the general smith and fitter of the works—had been busy at one of the charging doors of the second furnace while the men were at their breakfast, and had been knocked over when the wreck of the first furnace carried away the tramway of the second. He had, however, managed to cling to the end of a broken beam and so save himself for the present.

'But he can't hang there long,' thought Geordie, not without a slight feeling of pity for his enemy.

Nothing could be done to save poor Tim, one of whose arms seemed to be broken, as it hung motionless and straight down over the side of the beam. He was half-lying, half-sitting on his little refuge, and had received a great cut on the side of his head, from which blood was flowing freely, the red drops falling with a hiss upon the hot metal below. Nothing could be done, for access from the third or fourth blast was impossible, and no kite would fly in such a wind, and Tim would drop from very weakness long before a ladder could be fixed against the side of No. 2 blast.

'No, there's nought can be done, Tim, my lad. Thou'rt bound for hell now,' and it almost seemed just to Geordie. 'Nought to be'—He paused, for his quick eye had discerned a possible way of relief.

Around the circumferences of the furnaces, and at heights of about five feet, bands of iron were passed, holding the brickwork together. The lengths of each band were fastened by large bolts, and a strong man, a very strong man, above the usual height too, might, with the aid of a good rope, gain the top of the third furnace by means of these bolts, and then jump to the second furnace, and so save Tim.

Geordie saw all this, and called himself a fool for being so quick in the 'uptake.'

'Let him be,' he muttered; 'he deserves it all.'

But he despised himself for the thought, and after a few seconds' struggle, could not refrain



from pointing out the possible way of relieving Tim from his dangerous position.

'Oh yes,' cried one of the crowd, 'it could be done, but where's the man what'll do it?'

He might well ask; for a slip or a fall meant certain death. And Tim was no great favourite anyhow. Who would do it, indeed?

The idea mooted by Geordie spread around, and many looked at him as if, having given birth to the idea, he it was who should carry it out. He tried to look away—it was none of his business; but wherever he turned, the crowd seemed to be expecting him to at once set about relieving Tim. A very strong man, and above the usual height. Yes, he was such. But then was not the man up there his bitter enemy? He would stir never a finger to help him.

'It 'ud comfort me to think I'd had just one kind word from you.'

Geordie started, and drops of perspiration rose on his forehead. The very words Liz had used. Why should they come back to his memory now, of all times? And he had withheld that kind word. Liz had gone to her death wanting it. Here, then, was an opportunity to make reparation. Liz was dead, but she had once loved Tim.

Yes or no? Which should it be? For about a hundred years, so it seemed to Geordie, he kept trying to persuade himself that Tim was only being meted with his own measure, while all the time those words of Liz kept buzzing and banging in his head. Which should it be? Mercy or justice, love or hate? Yes or no?

'Yes,' he shouted at last, 'I'll try it. Get a rope, lads.'

A slight cheer arose as the news spread. 'Hold on, Tim,' some one roared up to the man above, clinging to the bit of projecting iron; 'help's comin'.'

The rope was brought, and Geordie, with nothing but shirt and trousers upon him, began his perilous journey. By the aid of a short ladder he gained access to the roof of the low shed covering the tapping-hole and cinder-notch of the furnace. From that point he had to trust to Providence and the strength of his own muscles. He knew he was attempting no child's-play; he was fully aware of the risks he ran; but for love of Liz he would save Tim—or die.

Standing on the top of the lean-to roof, he fastened one end of his rope securely to the lowermost bolt, and then passed the rope round the second bolt, five feet higher up, and pulled it taut. The slack rope was coiled loosely, and thrown over his right shoulder.

He then raised himself a couple of feet or more by means of the second bolt, passing his leg round the taut portion of the rope, resting part of his weight on his left arm and elbow, while with his right arm he threw a loop of rope over the next bolt. Pulling in the slack, and drawing it as taut as he could, he then hauled himself up till his feet rested on the bolt which had before given support to his elbow.

Thus he ascended the almost perpendicular face of the furnace-wall, every movement followed with strained attention by each individual in the crowd below. Once, when about thirty feet above the shed, the rope slipped off the bolt end, and he fell, scraping against the side of the

brickwork for about four feet. A shudder of apprehension ran through the crowd; but no sound came from them, as Geordie, though jarred in every bone by this accident, calmly set about regaining his lost point of vantage.

So, foot by foot, he went up, till the last band but one had been reached. Here he found, to his great dismay, that the bolt joining the pieces of the top band was not set vertically over the others, but so far to the right that it was quite impossible to reach it, though he cast his loop again and again. This was a bitter disappointment. Could he but reach the top band, he would have scaled the furnace, and have accomplished the worst part of his task. To make matters still more difficult, the space between the top band and the second was over eight feet.

By this time, also, he was growing exhausted. It had taken him almost twenty minutes to mount a little more than forty feet, and unless he could gain the top quickly the strain on his muscles would become too great, and he would have to give in, and own himself defeated.

He lowered himself to the next bolt, and, making a sling of the rope, rested there for a few minutes.

'Well done, lad, well done,' he heard some one in the crowd below call out; 'take your time and you'll win up yet.'

The words cheered and strengthened him, and put new courage into his heart. He would try once more to reach the top.

Standing on the third bolt, counting from the summit, he made two loops beneath the second, one long and one short. Placing one of his feet in the first, he raised himself about half-a-yard; the shorter loop gave him another half-yard; but left him still nearly two feet lower than the second band.

He was literally clinging to the furnace by tooth and nail, being too far below the bolt to get any support from it, or even to see it, for his face was pressed close to the brickwork. He felt about with his free foot for the bolt, and having found it, put the toe of his boot firmly on it, and then gradually raised himself, working his hands higher and higher, and taking advantage of every joint in the bricks.

The whole of his weight was now resting on the front of one foot; his only protection against the wind—fortunately he was on the lee side of the furnace—his finger-hold of the bricks; a sheer fall of fifty feet if he faltered or failed; and two feet above his head the top of the furnace.

He moved the palm of his right hand gradually higher and higher, fearing to lose one hold till secure of the next, while the sinews of his foot and leg seemed as if they would break any instant. Inch by inch his fingers crept up, without seeming to be anywhere nearer the top. His breathing was extremely painful; perspiration streamed from every pore; the beating of his heart almost choked him.

He would hold on till his hand had passed three more joints. Still the top was not reached. Two more, and then he must drop; his strength could last no longer.

Up and up his fingers crept, the skin worn and bleeding, the nails torn to the quick. The first

joint was reached and passed; the second also. Could he try one more? He did, and touched what infused herculean strength into his aching muscles. He touched the bottom edge of the last band. Three or four inches more, and his hand rested on top of the furnace.

His left hand quickly followed, and then he was able to change his weight to his other foot, and rest for a short while. Encouraged and strengthened by his success, he nerved himself for the last effort; raised himself by his hands till his head was above the flat top of the furnace, flung one arm forward and grasped a rod attached to the chimney, and then, with a final struggle, pulled the rest of his body safely over the edge.

A deep, low roar broke from the crowd at this; but the man on the furnace top did not hear it. There was a buzzing and a singing in his ears which shut out all outer sounds; he was seized with a terrible fit of trembling and vomiting; but he was *there*, with torn clothes, bleeding shins, bleeding knees and elbows, bleeding arms and hands. What matter that? Tim would be saved after all.

Geordie was so long in recovering that the men and women below grew anxious, as minute after minute passed, and yet no sign of his figure on the edge of the furnace. But at last they saw his head and shoulders appear, as he raised himself to his knees, and then his whole body, as he advanced to the edge of the brickwork.

Now he found he had to contend with a new element of danger. For up at that height, in such an exposed position and away from the shelter of the chimney, the wind whistled past his ears as if it would tear them off. It felt icy cold, too, striking upon his reeking skin, altogether unprotected save for his ragged shirt and trousers, worn to shreds during his perilous ascent.

Having with his eye measured the distance he had to jump in order to reach Tim, he fastened his rope to one of the chimney-rods, paid out about fifteen feet of it, and secured the rest tightly round his body. The broken beam to which Tim was still clinging was about a yard lower than the furnace top, and in order to reach him Geordie would have to spring a clear distance of ten feet or more. Fortunately, the furnace top was flat and free of obstacles, so that he would be able to gain a run of a few feet, and thus secure a slight impetus.

His preparations made, he stepped back to take the jump; but just as he neared the edge that horrible trembling seized him again. It balked him, and made him turn sick and giddy. A second time he tried, and again his heart failed him. He drew away once more and cowered shivering under the lee of the warm chimney. A third effort might have been successful but for a terrific blast of wind which blew him full against one of the chimney-rods.

Stunned, disheartened, and faint, he crawled to the edge of the furnace, and looked across to Tim, almost carried away by the awful gale roaring around him.

'Could you make the rope fast, Tim?' he shrieked; but the man, scarcely more than three yards away, only shook his head; he was too weak to speak.

'Can you catch it?' and Tim nodded.

'All right; catch it, and drop loose end to chaps below,' Geordie shouted again.

He fastened the rope from his body, and made the spare portion into a firm knot. This he then swung round his head several times, and shot it out, as if from a sling, in the direction of the broken beam. The wind tossed it away as if it had been a feather. He tried again with the same result. Again and again he flung it out, and each time it fell short of its mark.

Every movement had been followed by those below, every failure to jump, and each renewed effort to cast the rope. The men stood still with folded arms and compressed lips, while the women clasped each other's hands. Not a sound came from them, so intense was their anxiety. And it was pitiful to watch the rough-haired terrier during all this excitement. He kept running backwards and forwards from the crowd to the foot of the ladder, uttering mournful little whines the while. Standing by the ladder, he would place one of his fore-paws on the bottom rung and half-raise the other, as if fully determined to climb after his master; or else he would sit on his tail and gaze up at the slowly-ascending figure, while his every muscle quivered with suppressed anxiety.

Failing to fling the rope over the beam, Geordie fastened it once more round his body and tried to jump for the fourth time, and for the fourth time his heart sickened. Yet the distance was such as he had cleared scores of times on the level. Do what he would, he found it impossible to keep back the thought that, if he missed his hold, he would whiz through the air and be dashed in pieces on the glowing iron below.

Then a bright thought occurred to a man in the crowd of sympathetic onlookers, the same man who had already encouraged him while ascending the furnace.

'Let's cheer him, lads!' this man cried out, and instantly 'Hooray! hooray! ho-o-o-r-a-y!' burst from each throat, as the men waved their caps and the women their aprons, the terrier also adding his voice to the general salute.

The wind bore up the cheering sounds to Geordie and restored his failing courage. Looking down at the sea of upturned faces, he cried out:

'Thanks, lads; I'll do it this time, you bet.'

He rose to his feet once more, stepped back a little, waited for a lull in the storm, and then, when it came, and with the echoes of those shouts still in his ears, sprang out into space just far enough to clutch the beam with both arms. Six inches less and he would have been lost.

Then what a roar burst from the crowd, when at last they saw Geordie sitting astride the same beam with Tim. They shouted, they shrieked, they bellowed in their joy. The men flung their caps in the air, and the wind immediately swept them far away; the women wept, and blessed Geordie in their hearts. Well done, indeed it was! and each began telling the other what a fine fellow Geordie was, and where did he come from; and what was his name; and who was he, anyhow?

Geordie's task was an easy one now. He fastened the rope carefully round Tim's body, first making a rough bandage of a piece of his shirt with which to bind up the wounded head,

and then lowered him gently down to those waiting to receive him below.

The beam was immediately above the still hot iron from the burst furnace, so that he had to swing Tim backwards and forwards a bit, till he was within reach of the hands outstretched to take him. But so eager were they, and so suddenly did they snatch at him as he was just on the point of swinging back again, that they pulled the rope clean out of Geordie's hands.

He and Tim had changed places! Still, it was one thing to be up there with whole limbs, but quite another to have a smashed head and a broken arm.

So elated was Geordie at his success in saving Tim, that he almost laughed at this second accident, though at first he had uttered an exclamation of dismay.

'Tie something to end of rope and sying it in,' he shouted.

This was done, and the rope swung in and out, but not near enough to reach him by a yard. There was nothing for it but to jump at the rope as it swung to him, and catch it that way.

He waited till it came towards him again, sprang out, clutched the rope, and descended like lightning to the ground, giving vent, as he did so, to a yell that would have excited the envy of an aboriginal Fijian. For the rope felt red hot in his hands, and when he was safely down and looked at his palms, he found he had left the skin of them on the rope.

The men and women closed round him, shook his arms almost out of their sockets—he wouldn't let them touch his hands—clapped him on the back, and in every way they possibly could tried to show their admiration of his heroic deed. And if the rough-haired terrier did not break his spine it was not for want of jumping high enough and falling down again, all-abroad, as he made frantic efforts to leap up to Geordie's shoulders. But the hero of the hour took all their congratulations very quietly. He alone knew with what far different feelings he had sought Tim that morning.

A few more words and this rambling relation of an episode in the earlier life of Geordie Donce is ended.

Tim Snacker's injuries were very serious indeed. The crushed arm and broken head would have tried the strongest man, but were too much for one of Tim's unsteady habits. The mischief had also been aggravated by his long exposure.

He was carried to a cottage near by, and lingered for a little over two days. Early on the morning of the second word was brought to Geordie that Tim was dying, and wished to speak to him. He went, if not quite willingly, at least without delay, and soon reached the cottage where his late enemy was lying.

As he crossed the threshold the doctor came out of the dying man's room.

'You are just in time,' he said; 'he's almost gone. Has been asking for you all night. Wants to see you alone.'

So Geordie entered the room very quietly, bending his head to avoid striking the low lintel, and closed the door softly behind him.

'Is that you, Geordie?' those in the outer room heard the broken man ask, in a weak voice.

'Ay, Tim, I've come,' Geordie replied, in a kindly tone.

'It's getting very dark, lad, and I wanted'—but what it was Tim wanted none but Geordie ever knew, as the closing door shut off the rest.

Nor did any one ever know what passed between the two men in that last interview. All that was certain was that it was Geordie who closed Tim's eyes, and that when, three days later, a little procession set out from the cottage and took the road leading to the churchyard where Liz and her child lay buried, the chief mourner was a big furnaceman, who walked heavily with a stoop in his shoulders, and wore a brown fur waistcoat, while close to his heels a rough-haired terrier trotted with great soberness.

## ZANZIBAR SLAVERY.

By Lieutenant STUART D. GORDON, R.N.

RECENT legislation on the part of the Government has declared the legal status of slavery in Zanzibar and Pemba to be abolished. But that it does not follow that slavery itself will cease to exist is apparent to those who have lived for any considerable time among the subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar (both Arab and native) in the different parts of his domains.

The writer having been, for some five years, actively employed in the suppression of the slave trade; and having subsequently lived in Zanzibar, Mombasa, Lamu, &c., and at other places up-country and on the West as well as the East Coast of Africa, ventures to think that, as he has such an intimate acquaintance with the subject (possessing the additional advantage of a knowledge of the language), it might be interesting if he were to advance for the consideration of the readers of this magazine one or two points which do not appear to have gained the attention they claim in the recent parliamentary debates, but upon the satisfactory settlement of which depends the practical effectiveness of this latest decree. In his treatment of the subject, it will be the writer's endeavour to avoid, as much as possible, its political aspect; but rather, by the presentation of facts which have come under his notice during his stay among these people, to perhaps throw light upon a matter of such vital importance.

The two principal questions which suggest themselves are:

1. Is it possible, by the passing of a bill in parliament, to abolish slavery, as practised in Zanzibar and Pemba?
2. How are the newly-emancipated slaves to gain their livelihood?

It is not sufficient to cry, 'Here are thousands of human beings held in bondage by their fellow-men: slavery is a blot upon the face of the earth; therefore let freedom be declared!' There are many other features of the case which have to be considered before such a praiseworthy intention can be carried into effect. Race, power, ability for work, inclination, tradition, and above all, religion, are a few.

Before a thorough grasp of the question can be obtained, it is imperative that we should first have some knowledge of the slaves themselves: where they come from, how they are obtained, and the life they lead in bondage.

Tanganyika, and the district of the Great Lakes generally, is the 'happy hunting-ground' where the raw slave is secured. This operation is effected in many ways; but always through the employment of force. Stray natives may be kidnapped, or—which is practically the same—deceived into accepting 'temporary' employment at the hands of the Arab; but the principle of power, 'might is right,' invariably rules the manner of their capture and their retention in servitude. One of the most commonly practised methods of supplying the continuous demand for free labour is by raiding.

The slave-raiders having organised a caravan, leave the coast laden with such articles as can be used for the purposes of barter or bribery—cloth, cotton-stuffs, beads, brass and copper wire, &c. Their chief impedimenta, however, consist of guns and ammunition—the number of flint-locks frequently exceeding by many hundreds the people in the caravan. The Arab leaders have already made it their business to find out the position of a couple of towns or villages within a short journey of each other whose inhabitants are unfriendly—have a feud, in fact. To the smaller and weaker of these two the marauders betake themselves; when by gifts, bribes, and promises of plunder—as well as revenge upon their enemies—they have no difficulty whatever in swelling their ranks by the addition of every able-bodied man in the place—even women and children sometimes accompanying them. Then it is that the large quantities of guns and ammunition are requisitioned, each native being armed by their new champions.

The next morning before daylight witnesses the larger town surrounded by the unexpected foe, and ere they are well aware of it the inhabitants are made prisoners—unless indeed they are killed fighting for liberty. Then the spoil is divided as previously stipulated, the Arabs taking all things human except the aged and infirm, whilst the natives sack the town, wreaking their vengeance upon the helpless few of their enemies remaining. The long lengths of chain, iron collars, and slave-sticks are now brought forth, the captives secured, and the caravan pursues its course, or starts on the return journey. As often as not, however, if the 'bag' is disappointingly small, the Arabs will turn upon their late companions-in-arms and enslave them also.

This mode of capture, with its attendant sufferings, and the subsequent march to the coast, are in truth, as a general rule, the only absolutely cruel phases of African slavery; and, as to the march, the tortures the captives are compelled to endure have been greatly exaggerated by well-intentioned folk at home, whilst the oft-repeated story of the laggards being shot

down occurs but seldom; and when it is remembered that the alternative treatment is that the captives would be left behind to die in the desert, one can but say that, in the circumstances, the former is the more merciful of the two courses.

Throughout the consideration of this question, it is of the first importance to bear in mind that to the slave-raider—as also to the owner afterwards—each slave represents so many dollars. It is plain, therefore, that unnecessary cruelty would not be used, at all events is not practised, in actual slavery; for of all men under the sun—although lavish in his hospitality, and in no circumstances parsimonious—none has a keener appreciation of the value of money than the Arab. Marching beneath an African sun is at the best of times a severe hardship, and it goes without saying that for these wretched natives chained together, their necks in slave-sticks or collar, the sufferings to be borne must inevitably be dreadful.

On their arrival at the coast they are most generally housed and fed for a time, and when sufficiently recovered from the effects of their long tramp, some are shipped to the Persian Gulf and others run across to Pemba or Zanzibar at night-time in small dhows, or even in fishing canoes, so anxious are the owners to avoid the man-of-war's boats which continually patrol the channel between the islands and the mainland. It is during this term of resting at the seaport (e.g. Kilwa, Pangani, Dar-es-salaam) that the actual selling of the slaves usually takes place; the owners of plantations sending their agents into the town to effect the necessary purchases.

Duly landed say in Pemba, the new-comers are distributed among the houses or huts in which live the other slaves; and the first thing in the morning, immediately after dawn, sees them at work in the fields or spice groves. Here it will be well to note that assuredly the only profitable labour of which the raw slave may possess a knowledge must necessarily be of the agricultural kind, his existence hitherto having been mainly spent in the task of producing his daily bread from out of the ground. This being the case, the master, by his purchase, adds so many labourers to his establishment, every one of whom is already trained in the work which will be required of him; the only thing necessary to teach them being the art of picking cloves.

So year in and year out, except on Fridays and feast-days, the negro works for the Arab, who in return gives him a roof, food, clothes—such as he wears—and, when he reaches man's estate, a wife from among his female slaves. True, the offspring of the marriage all become the property of the master; yet he in turn is bound by law to have them educated in the rudiments of knowledge and religion.

And now we come to the crux of the whole question. Children born in slavery in any Mohammedan country are naturally brought up in the faith of Islam, one of the first principles they are taught being that God created the black man to serve the white (Arab). We have thus both Arab and negro implicitly believing that slavery is the divine ordinance of the Almighty. It naturally follows that the new decree abolish-



ing the legal status of slavery will be met with opposition, not only on account of its being contrary to the custom and traditions of centuries, but also because it is in conflict with the religious belief of both master and slave alike, and is, in their eyes, thwarting the commands of Allah himself.

In these circumstances it is more than doubtful that Zanzibar slavery can be completely abolished—at all events for some considerable time to come. Perhaps the altered conditions under which it will be carried on will necessitate its not being so open and declared, and may even modify the system itself; yet still there will remain slavery in some shape or form.

But, it may be argued, if the penalties attached to the possession of slaves be made sufficiently severe, slavery perforce must disappear. The reply is, that, with the exception of the few isolated cases of harsh or cruel masters, those natives now in bondage will, from choice, remain as they are. Nor is the reason for this difficult to discover. Were they granted their liberty to-morrow, they would not know what to do for a living; they could not support themselves. In many instances has the writer had the refusal of freedom from these men's own lips. They are fed, clothed, housed, and cared for as—to use their own expression—'children of one father' (master). For the masters who do not possess the regard of their slaves, the fear they are held in by their unfortunate serfs, together with the well-known native cunning of the Arab, are quite sufficient to baffle any steps that may be taken to put free labour in place of slavery.

Even as things are at present, there are many masters who pay some of their elder slaves; while nearly all permit them to hire themselves out as porters to caravans, &c., during the slack season. In this latter case, although the slave, it must be borne in mind, is absolutely the master's property, it is the universal custom that he shall be allowed to retain a certain portion of the wages he earns; thus is his master, though indirectly, paying him money. Yet, still arguing by the conditions which exist at the present time, the owner would be perfectly justified in refusing the slave permission to work for others; or, having granted it, might with all equity keep the whole product of the man's labour for himself.

In connection with this part of the subject, it should be insisted on that the African slave who is born in slavery is remarkable for his fealty to his master; indeed it is analogous to the allegiance to his Queen possessed by every Englishman. Born under the conditions described, he, the slave, recognising that everything he has, and is, comes from the same source, is it not but natural that he should hold his master in regard? Add to this that the religion in which he has been brought up teaches him that it was but for the purpose of ministering to the comfort of the Arab that he was ever brought into this world, and it will be readily seen that the slave himself will, in many instances, be as strong an opponent to the institution of the new régime as the largest slave-owner in Zanzibar or Pemba.

Thus there is the question if the greater part of the slaves accept their freedom, how are they to gain their livelihood? Not one of them has a

knowledge of any trade whatsoever; and, even were it otherwise, the industries have yet to be developed in their country before they can be employed. Then are we still to have the slave selling himself back once more into slavery, and after spending in debauchery the few dollars he obtained by the transaction, returning of his own free-will to his old, or it may be a new, master? Doubtless he will have to do so a little less openly than he does now, because slavery will not be recognised by law; but that many of the Waswahili will shortly look back with longing regret to the days of their bondage the writer, for one, feels confident.

But, it may be urged, these men understand the work of the plantation; they can do the same work as that in which they have hitherto been engaged; the only difference being that they will now be free men, drawing wages for their labour. Yes; but there will be another difference and a great one. It is more than probable that in a very short time the owners of the plantations will either make some secret arrangement with the men whereby the latter will again be virtually enslaved, or they will cease to grow cloves—or anything else, for that matter—when there would be no employers of labour.

It is hardly to be expected that this country should subsidise the owners of these estates. What then is to be done? There is certainly a way to prevent the deadlock that would undoubtedly ensue in the circumstances here foreshadowed; and one which will, no doubt, be recognised and laid hold of by some of our enterprising commercial community. It is that the clove plantations should be leased or bought from the present holders; when, even with paid labour, the cultivation of this prolific soil, with trees already bearing, would be found a profitable investment, if run on strictly business principles, as would then be the case. This of course it would be idle to expect from the aristocratic Arab, who, content to follow in the footprints of his prehistoric ancestors, asks but that his immediate comfort should be studied and luxurious appetites satisfied.

If some such scheme as the above be not worked concurrently with the emancipation of the slaves, these miserable men must either starve or steal. So, simultaneously with, or following close upon, the propagation of the decree there will have to be laid the foundation-stones of a workhouse and a prison.

The gigantic truth stares us in the face, that to abolish the slave-trade altogether there must be a complete revolution in the very natures of both Arab and negro. And so stupendous a task is this that it is excusable if those who really know these races have grave doubts of the success that will attend whatever measures are taken, unless a way be provided whereby the newly-freed slave shall be able to earn his living by honest toil.

No such means now exist; but the onus of providing it clearly rests with those who have been instrumental in influencing the government to pass the late bill. Let these not halt halfway, but show they have the courage of their convictions; otherwise the compulsory and simultaneous releasing of this large number of slaves

will, instead of a blessing, prove a curse to those they have striven to benefit; and the fair islands of Zanzibar and Pemba will be transformed into a hotbed of vice and misery.

### THE RENEGADO.

By GEORGE G. FARQUHAR.

It was most unfortunate that the periodic revolution should break out so soon after I arrived at Señor Arditi's *estancia*, for thereby my long-anticipated sport amid 'fresh woods and pastures new' again became but matter for regretful dreams. That is the worst of these Central American ten-acre states—you never know, from one day to another, who may suddenly start up and proclaim himself President; and until the question is satisfactorily settled, things are apt to grow a trifle exciting. However, I should not so much have objected to other people's indulging in a little promiscuous shooting if their enjoyment had not happened to interfere sadly with mine.

'All this rumpus to secure a berth not worth a hundred a year in solid comfort,' growled I disgustedly. 'Faugh—it's sheer idiocy!'

'Hush—hush, *amigo mío*,' interposed Señor Arditi, glancing round apprehensively; 'you must not speak like that. It is dangerous—if not to you, to me.'

'I forgot myself,' I answered humbly.

'For your sake, too, I am anxious. True, you are English, and a non-combatant; yet if you were found with a gun in your possession, however innocent your intentions, some hot-blooded *capitan de guardia* might choose to regard you as a rebel caught red-fingered, and even your nationality would not save you then. Still, while you are my guest, so long as you act discreetly, I think I may confidently assure you that you will be unharmed. Nor, Señor Norreys, do I imagine this trouble can last for many days. A week or two at most, and it will all have blown over.'

'I hope so, heartily,' replied I. 'I'm fidgeting for a shot at a puma or jaguar, or even at the cotton-tails and'—

'Patience—patience, señor. I have reason to believe that President Díaz is awake to the plans and movements of his opponent, Don Miguel, and is prepared to meet him with effective strategy. Myself, I suspect the *alcalde* of San Campos to be the divulger of Don Miguel's secrets—a shrewd, ambitious man, with the boldness of a peccary and the cunning of a coyote. He is ostentatiously the ally of the insurgents, and therefore to him I ascribe the part of traitor to'—

'Really, a most amiable crew altogether,' said I, choking back a yawn—for I never could interest myself in foreign politics. 'Let's adjourn to the veranda for a smoke.'

During the next few days I confined myself to the *casa* and indigo-growing estates of my friend. At one time I thought of making a dash for the nearest seaport and getting out of the country altogether; but a wholesome respect for my skin stayed my feet. What hostilities there had been hitherto—mere skirmishes only—had taken place among the hills to the north, the said hills lying between Señor Arditi's house and the ocean. Personal danger is about the last thing in the

world I cared to court, and at once I set down this move as being a woeful sight too risky.

Towards the end of the week, while exercising a restive barb on the neighbouring *medanos*, Señor Arditi was unseated by the vicious brute and flung heavily to the ground, the fall fracturing one of the bones of his fore-arm. I bandaged the limb in splints as well as I could; but since my knowledge of surgical work is of the crudest, I greatly feared lest complications should set in if the injury were not attended to properly and speedily. Now, the only individual thereabouts who bore any reputation at all as a medico or bone-setter was a certain Padre Felipe of the Dolores Mission at Las Portas—and Las Portas lay a good four miles distant. Still, there was nothing else for it; so leaving Señor Arditi to the care of his majordomo, I rode out myself post-haste to the mission.

'Padre Felipe started this morning for San Campos,' said that member of the brotherhood who answered my inquiry. 'He was summoned to a fever-stricken peon in that town. No, señor; assuredly he will not return to-day.'

Of a truth, this was indeed pleasant hearing—San Campos being quite three leagues away northward! Yet here again could I perceive no alternative. Not a soul on this side of the town knew more than I myself of the surgeon's art; whereas at San Campos, even if the padre failed me, doubtless I might be able to command the services of some equally competent practitioner.

With the twin cones of Agualaxi for guide, I urged my horse with both voice and boot-heel to his topmost pace. The bullock-cart track wound along by prickly-pear hedges at first, through a tangled belt of jungle, and afterwards across an uneven plain overgrown with sawgrass, and interspersed with clumps of trees and chapparal.

Perhaps two-thirds of the distance between Las Portas and San Campos had been covered, when I heard a prolonged outcry away to my left, and looking thitherwards I saw a sight that caused me to pull up abruptly. From round one of the afore-mentioned palmetto clumps there sprang a man of middle age, lean and sapless as a lath, flying for dear life from half-a-dozen howling 'greasers' who, with glistening knives and machetes, hounded close upon his heels. One of them, having distanced his fellows, was already within striking range.

'*¡A muerte—¡a muerte!*' yelled he, and his arm went up for the blow.

Swerving suddenly aside, the fugitive bent low and thrust out his leg. As his pursuer stumbled over it, the other added weight to the fall by a deft stroke upon the nape of the scoundrel's neck. The man shot impetuously forward, head-foremost, into the bole of a silk-cotton tree. If ever human scone was broken in this world, assuredly that fellow's was. The agile movement so stirred my admiration and sympathy, from the first enlisted on behalf of the hunted man, that I could not repress a wild '*Bravo!*' In a moment he had dashed alongside me—a swart, gasping, palpitating bundle of bones; his lank, leathery cheeks working like a smith's bellows; his small dark eyes aflame.

'The cowards—the beasts!' he cried vehemently. 'Señor, you will help me? Sacristi—*¡la canalla, la canalla!* But I'll be even with the pack of them yet!'

Not waiting for answer or invitation, he swung himself easily into the saddle behind me. As the mare broke into a lumbering trot under her double burden, I was startled by a hurried clatter of hoofs in our rear; looking back in alarm, I discerned eight or ten *caballeros* bursting round the hillock in full pelt after us. Several of them, I noticed, wore a dingy blue uniform—the distinctive garb of Don Miguel's partisans!

Not until that instant did I dream that the business in hand had relation to other than an ordinary personal squabble, at worst an attempt at robbery or vengeance; but now the affair assumed a totally different complexion. By a most malevolent turn of circumstance I had got myself inextricably mixed up in the national imbroglio—an entanglement which, above all things else, I was especially anxious to avoid. Yet here was I—with no manner of interest in the struggle—cast into the very thick of the political discussion.

Just before we gained the partial shelter of a belt of mesquite-brush, there came the report of carbines and the zip-zip of the bullets holing the turf close behind us. No mistake, I felt anything but cheerful over the prospect. There could be but one issue to a race of this sort. Had I alone been upon the mare's back, handicapped and badly blown as she was, there might have been a chance of escape for me—a slender chance only maybe, yet tangible enough to have endowed me with pluck to make a bold dash for it. But the pair of us!

A similar notion, apparently, had struck my companion, for no sooner had we galloped into the open again than he slipped his arm swiftly round my waist and tumbled me clear of the saddle. The fall half-stunned me; dazed and stupid I lay there, unable adequately to realise the devilish nature of the trick he had played off on me—so little so, indeed, that I recollect staring blankly after his fast-retreating figure, and vaguely hoping that he might even yet get safely away to San Campos. But his treachery availed him nothing. His pursuers drew up with him, hand over hand, firing as they rode. A ricochet shot brought his horse to its knees, the brute staggering up and floundering a few paces farther before finally rolling over. Its rider, seeing the futility of resistance, yielded himself a passive prisoner.

They led him back to where I stood—one of the mestizos having stationed himself beside me as guard—and together captors and captives jogged back by the way we had come.

'Señor,' murmured my fellow-prisoner, with an air of magnanimity rather than of apology; 'for the extreme step which my necessity forced me to take, I tender you my sincerest regrets. I was wrong; I was ungenerous. Señor, I crave your pardon.'

To this bombast I vouchsafed no reply; words of mine were utterly unequal to the occasion. But my silent disdain in nowise troubled the speaker; shrugging his shoulders resignedly, he straightway fell into glib chat with our escort. From the wag of their tongues, I gathered that he was none other than the Señor Valdo, alcalde of San Campos, who, according to my host and to fact, had been playing fast and loose this many a day between the President and the insurgent leader. Somehow, his duplicity had come to

light at last, and it was while bent upon evading the dire penalty of his misdeeds that he had been surprised and run down by Don Miguel's ruffians. For the *alqueria* wherein Don Miguel had temporarily established his headquarters we were now bound.

An hour's trudge brought us to the place—a squat, winged, rambling structure of adobe brick. A motley rabble thronged the *patio*—jesting, smoking, and jabbering in lazy abandon—perhaps to the number of three hundred altogether, here and in the out-buildings. There was little pretence at discipline; neither patrol, sentry, nor guard whatever. Señor Valdo bore himself nonchalantly, even jauntily, as we filed through the ribald crowd into the house. I really believe I might have found it in my conscience to admire him even then if I had been able to spare thought for anything outside my own plight.

Awaiting us in an inner room sat Don Miguel himself—a wizened, sallow-skinned little man—who, having already been apprised of the seizure, had apparently resolved upon both judgment and sentence in hot haste. Crossing over from the group of attendant officers, he planted himself in front of us, his feet set far apart, his beady eyes scintillating viciously.

'*Mil cumplimientos, señores!*' said he, with assumed pleasantry. 'It was a brave race, no doubt, but the last that either of you will ever run. For you, señor, whom I have not had the felicity of meeting before'—he was speaking to me now—'I have directed a firing-party to hold itself in readiness. An open foe I ever hold in high esteem, and for such an one a soldier's death can have no terrors!'

I broke in with hasty explanations. My part in the unfortunate affair had been wholly guiltless—the outcome of pure accident and coincidence; I was an Englishman and a non-belligerent; Señor Ardití would answer for the truth of my assertions—and much more to a like effect.

'*Buenos, señor;*' Don Miguel interrupted blandly, 'all this may be as you say. Yet I am told that many Americanos have placed themselves under the command of the tyrant. How am I to know you are not one of these meddlesome Gringos. *Quien sabe?* You do not deny that you were seeking to aid the flight of a deserter—of a scoundrel whose life is ten times forfeit, a betrayer of his friends, an enemy of'—

'Pshut—enough of that!' interposed Señor Valdo scornfully. 'I, at least, will not snivel for mercy; I, at least, will bare my breast for the bullets of your hirelings without a tremor. I, señor—I will die like a *soldado!*'

'A soldado, nimble with his legs than with his wits!' put in Don Miguel, laughing immoderately. 'There was no talk of shooting you, señor alcalde. Carramba, no! Such supple limbs as yours were meant for the fandango—and dance they shall, *amigo mío!*'

'Not that!' cried Señor Valdo shrilly, with a catch in his breath. 'It is infamous! The death of a cut-throat—of a base *asesino!*'

'Sant' Geronimo, the man jests with his neck in the noose!' blurted Don Miguel sardonically. 'But I have spoken. Capitan Perez, conduct the renegado out into the patio, throw a lariat over the magnolia there, and hang—hang—hang the reptile!'

Ere the words were well uttered, Señor Valdo had wrenched himself free from the grip of his custodians, and dealt the insurgent commander a terrific blow full on the mouth with his fist. Don Miguel bowed over like a nine-pin. Choking and spluttering in agonised rage, he scrambled to his feet and bounced over to where the alcalde, speedily overborne and secured by the soldiers, now stood smiling in grim content. Before head or tail could be made of the little Spaniard's incoherent ravings, before one could well hazard a guess at his intentions, he had pulled out his revolver and sent a ball crashing through Señor Valdo's brain.

I recall it all now as vividly as when it befell—the bare, whitewashed room in the farm; the swart assemblage that peopled it; the bruised and bleeding visage of Don Miguel; the ghastly sight of the dead body as it was dragged away for burial. Ugh, it gives me the shudders to think of it even at this late day! Yet I recollect experiencing a sense akin to joy, in that Don Miguel had been craftily cheated of the full vengeance he had promised himself, and the alcalde saved from that last detested degradation of the gibbet. A knave as dauntless as unscrupulous; in truth, a brave scoundrel—*requiescat!*

Perhaps Don Miguel had had a sufficiency of blood-letting for one day—though I find it hard to credit him with any such lack of appetite—for he issued no further orders as to my disposal just then; but, instead, turned to whispered colloquy with his officers. From the snatches of talk that reached me—'Inglaterra,' 'las represalias,' 'ley internacionale'—I concluded that certain of his council were of a mind to deal leniently with me, nor was I loth to back them up with my own reiterated protests of innocence and good faith.

In the end, after much harangue and puffing of cigars, it was resolved to hold me in dures for the present, and accordingly I was marched off to a cupboard-like *camara* in the rear of the house, the door being shut and locked upon me. Completely unstrung, limp, and exhausted, I flung myself into a corner, and set about anathematising the ill-happed current of events that had brought me to this sorry pass.

In the midst of my bitter tirades there came the sharp sound of a gun-shot; immediately it was followed by others, by a regular fusilade, by the bawling of hasty commands, by the scurrying of feet in the corridors, the clatter of steel, a babel of raucous voices, and all the confused tumult of an army caught napping by the enemy. Above the clamour rose a cry that sent the blood tingling through my veins.

*'Viva el Presidente—Viva el Presidente Diaz!'*

The press of conflict drew nearer minute by minute. The insurgents, getting the worst of it, were falling back upon the shelter of the farmstead. I was exultant. Now, by peering through the narrow slit that did duty for window in my *carcel*, I caught spasmodic glimpses of the strife—figures in dirty blue flitting from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, ever in the direction of the house; shadows in gray, with red sashes worn bandolier fashion—the president's soldiery—advancing steadily and surely, pouring in a hot fire that bid fair soon to make of the retreat a demoralised rout. A few stray bullets splattered against the walls of the *alqueria*, but I was too fascinated to

heed the warning; not until a missile, more minatory than the rest, snipped a fragment off the window-sill did I judge it wise to duck down, and await the outcome of the attack with what composure I could muster.

Nor had I long while to wait. As I afterwards learned, Don Miguel had been killed early in the action, and his dispirited supporters, thus deprived of leader, retained small stomach for further fighting—indeed, most of them were quite eager now to eat their principles and cast their votes in favour of the opposition candidate. The campaign, both military and political, was at an end.

Eventually, the victors entering into full possession of the building, I was freed from my prison-house, and brought before the triumphant president. After hearing my story, he abundantly condoled with me upon the scurvy treatment to which I had been subjected by his late rival, and furthermore, of his own accord, suggested that one of his surgical staff should accompany me, with an escort for our protection, to Señor Ardit's *casa*. And here I may as well make mention of Señor Ardit's firm-rooted conviction that, but for the skill and care of this medico, he would never have pulled through at all.

Subsequently I heard it bruited about that the train of events, culminating in the detection and death of the alcalde, was attributable to the initiative of President Diaz himself—that, in short, having no further use for a tool whose cunning and ambition might prove an insecure guarantee of future loyalty, he had deliberately taken measures to rouse suspicions of the truth in Don Miguel's breast. Personally, I turned a deaf ear to all such calumnies. Since that day I have had several opportunities of gauging his Excellency's character for myself—being more than once entertained by him in the Casa Blanca itself—and I invariably found him as courteous, urbane, and genial an old dago as one would drop across in a lifetime. Touching one of his accomplishments, I can speak with express assurance, for my knowledge of it was acquired in the best of all schools, and at a pretty cost to my pocket. Briefly put, it amounts to this—that no defter hand at euchre or monte ever yet fingered cards in either of the two Americas—and lived.

#### A RUINED COTTAGE.

The roofless walls stand open to the sky,

The nettles grow where once the firelight played

Upon the hearthstone, and beneath the shade

Of flowering hemlocks, loathly creatures lie.

Ah me! the place is but a memory

Of hands that tried to work, and lips that prayed

In accents vain and weak, for rest and aid:

Till Death the Healer heard the bitter cry.

The tangled roses grow beside the door,

And when the March winds blow across the land,

There dances in the breeze a joyous band

Of yellow lilies; yet no springs restore

The vanished hopes and faces. Evermore

Silent, deserted, will these ruins stand.

C. G.

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